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In the Greek Room.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '06.

GREECE struck a starward way and smote her name

Across the out-rolled page of heaven's blue;
Clouds clung for ivy round her towers that grew
Out of the inmost heart of earth's iron frame.
About her brow a million suns aflame;
Eagles for aerie to her steeples flew—
All power, all genius to herself she drew,
Till at her heart corruption's canker came.

Then star on star she saw her splendor fade,
Stone fell from stone as deeper struck the rust,
Till feeble remnant of a world decayed,
Down-toppling came an avalanche of dust.
Here where we see her lights go down the Styx,
What reads blind Homer from yon crucifix?

Father of the Revolution.

WILLIAM F. ROBINSON, '06.

WHEN a nation is resting in the arms of peace and surrounded with the blessings of happiness and wealth she can with an unclouded mind go back in spirit to her infancy and note her sacrifices and her acts of heroism; she can in fancy call forth her heroes and her statesmen from their silent tombs and load them anew with honors. Every nation has her heroes and statesmen, every people its orators and sages; but what country has more cause to feel proud of its great men than the land of liberty, America? We have scores of men who have left the impress of their immortal personalities upon the pages of our history, and among them we have one who wrestled with the British lion,

who roused the colonies to revolt against tyranny and oppression to throw off the insidious shackles that bound them to England, and to proclaim their independence. Such a man there was, the Father of the Revolution, Samuel Adams.

This great man was born from illustrious parents on the 15th of September, 1722, in the city of Boston. He attended Harvard University until the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him. For business he had neither taste nor tact. Providence had singled him out to accomplish a work so gigantic that the very sight of it spread terror in the hearts of his fellowmen. But fear was foreign to him. To convince us of this we need but read his public denial of the right of Parliament to put into operation Greenville's scheme of the Stamp Act, and a suggestion of a union of the colonies for redress of grievances, or his immortal words: "The American powers of government are rather to be considered as matters of justice than favor. Without them they can not enjoy that freedom which, having never forfeited, no power on earth has any right to deprive them of." His is our guiding spirit to-day: he is the genius of the American Constitution. He was ever on the alert, and never failed to deal deadening blows whenever the liberties of his countrymen were at stake. His "non-importation" scheme caused a commercial panic among the merchants of England, and his speeches in the town meetings paralyzed the authority of the governor. Adams was bent upon bringing England to terms, and this he did; though it lost her a nation.

Soon after this victory the American colonies learned that the Stamp Act had been repealed, but that Parliament still held that it was supreme over the colonies in all cases

whatever. They rejoiced over their victory and went to their homes satisfied. It was not thus with Adams who considered the battle but half won. He once more informed the colonies that they were above Parliament, since they were not represented, and that they owed allegiance only to the king. A convention was held in Boston to deliberate upon how they should further oppose Parliament. Bernard, then governor, declared the convention to be illegal, and solemnly warned it to disperse. The body was frightened and ready to submit to the mandates of Parliament. Adams was alone in opposing the governor. A battle royal was imminent, but the hero of the colonies stood firm, and balked the governor at every step. Even then as far remote as independence seemed to Adams he looked forward to it, and boldly sought for that precious boon.

Adams never found a moment for repose. After asserting the rights of the colonies and placing them beyond the reach of Parliament, Boston found its streets filled with British soldiers who disturbed the peace of the city. Adams convened an assembly which demanded the removal of the disorderly regiments. He fearlessly confronted the governor; and so completely was that executive overpowered by Adams' eloquence and firmness that he publicly acknowledged his defeat.

It was the American Candidus who caused the removal of Governor Bernard and his successor, Thomas Hutchinson. It was this shrewd politician who brought the ablest men of his time under his tutelage; and him we crown with the laurels of victory, and hail as a competent, valiant and honest leader. He was a diplomat equal to the best; one who never thought of himself; one who was ever withdrawing the attention of the public from himself by bringing into prominence his allies. Whenever the rights of the American people were infringed upon he was always found ready to take the perilous station at the helm of state. In those turbulent times we see him at the Boston massacre abating the mob. By a word he turns back the red-coats. He is at the town meetings electrifying the people and influencing them with his noble spirit. We hear him speaking

in oracles of thunder through the columns of the newspapers. We see him lifting men out of obscurity and placing them before the foot-lights, while he himself remains silently in the shadow. Great is the cause for us to esteem and honor such a memory; greater still did England have reason to fear him.

At all times Adams was looking to the interest of the colonies, and his every thought and desire was to provide for their wants. He organized a committee of correspondence which Hutchinson thought was a ridiculous undertaking; but it worked marvels throughout the colonies, for it transformed them into a bulwark of resistance against Parliament. Hutchinson once more took his stand to save England another defeat. It was only too apparent that the colonies had steered far out of the course marked by Parliament for them to follow; therefore the governor laid before them a powerful message marked for its astuteness, in which the doctrine of parliamentary supremacy was vindicated. The reply he received from the pen of Adams traversed his speech, position by position, and Hutchinson's greatest and last effort had met with utter defeat.

Now Samuel Adams turned his whole attention towards a new and brilliant scheme, the formation of a continental congress; and at one and the same time managed the factions in it and the factions in New England, and ended by uniting the people in a common cause. But he was singled out by England as a traitor and was hunted like a felon. He little cared for his own safety, but feared for the independence of his country; knowing that he then stood alone for that precious prerogative. It would be vain for us to try to picture the joy that filled the old man's soul when he received letters in the fall of 1775 from Gadsden, Richard Henry Lee, Patrick Henry, and others, informing him that they were anxious to stand with him and strike for independence. These men with hands joined and Adams at their head giving them counsel and directing their steps, won for the American people the Declaration of Independence.

It might be argued that Adams was slighted in not being on the Committee to draw up the Declaration of Independence.

A plan of confederation not less important than the Declaration itself had to be drawn up at this time, and it devolved upon him to act as delegate from Massachusetts, since he was the only one who was thoroughly acquainted with the political and economic conditions of that colony.

What a glorious day that Fourth of July was and is for the American people; and a thousand times glorious for the Father of our Independence. It was the most triumphant day of his life. It was then the gray-haired man with trembling hands and shaking head considered his many trials, sacrifices, and bitter political battles of the past ten years were repaid a hundredfold. His life-work was completed when he signed the Declaration of Independence; yet we see him a member of Congress during the war, directing his fellowmen and encouraging Washington. We see him governor of Massachusetts till feebleness and old age forced him to retire.

Our hero was one and four score years of age when his Maker called him to his reward. On October the 2d, 1803, our country lost its greatest politician; lost the Father of its Independence; lost the Father of the Révolution!

We only need to look upon his many trials and sacrifices, upon his political master-strokes; upon his vigorous demands for liberty and justice from England, to awaken in our hearts a feeling of love and veneration for him who so gloriously secured our independence. When we praise the deeds of warriors, and erect statues to their undying fame; when we honor above them all Washington, the Father of our Country, let us not forget the man who put all his energies in writing dry financial schemes that we and our posterity might enjoy that liberty which he secured for us. Let us erect in our hearts a monument to the memory of the Father of the Revolution. Let this monument be not in advance of the monument of the Father of our Country, but side by side let them stand, and let each pulsation of our hearts go out for George Washington and for Samuel Adams.

SORROW is for a season, but joy lasting; death a translation into life.—*St. Chrysostom.*

The Making of a Tenderfoot.

JAMES J. FLAHERTY, '07.

Delville had the reputation of being a "tough" town, for among its citizens were half a dozen "terrors," as they were called, who stood ready to shoot on the slightest provocation, together with the usual quota of idlers and gamblers handy with their guns. Both these classes banded themselves into a clique; and as strangers rarely visited Delville their presence was soon ferreted out. A new-comer was allowed a certain amount of time to show by his dexterity with a gun, or his courage to remain silent when he lost all his possessions in a game of faro his rights to become a citizen.

At long intervals a "Tenderfoot,"—a man fresh from the States—showed up at Delville and was invariably struck dumb at its wickedness. If he was simply touring the country or bound for some particular point he was permitted to remain long enough to refresh the inner man and then sternly ordered to continue his journey. Delville preferred to select its own citizens.

One morning a young man with little about him to indicate sturdy manhood appeared in the village. There was nothing to distinguish him from his fellow-creatures except perhaps his slender build and womanish features. After a hasty repast at the village hotel he walked out to the street. Before long his presence in the village became known, and the word "Tenderfoot in town" was passed about. The gang sauntered up the street to take a look at the latest arrival from civilization.

They found him sitting on the steps of the hotel smoking a pipe, deeply in thought and apparently oblivious of his surroundings. He smoked in silence for a few minutes, then raising his eyes scanned the crowd curiously, almost humorously. Knocking the ashes from his pipe he refilled it, and inquired quietly:

"Well, gentlemen, is there anything I can do for you?"

For answer the gang began by shooting the pipe from the newcomer's mouth and the hat off his head. But the exploding

cartridges seemed music to the victim's ears; in fact, he seemed perfectly indifferent to the leaden rain. They expected him to break for the hills as the first bullet whistled through his hat, but he did not stir. When the firing had ceased, and the "gang" themselves were beginning to wonder whether he was not an old member in disguise, he replied:

"I enjoy this quite as much as yourselves. I am much obliged to you for your welcome."

Unanimously the crowd hurriedly held a consultation. It was agreed that he had nerve, but not the makings of "a good bad-man." He would never attain to a prominent place in Delville. Some voted that he be allowed to remain, while others favored his immediate expulsion.

"I understand you," replied the Tenderfoot when Dick Dressel, the spokesman of the crowd had ceased speaking; and with that he leaned his head upon his hands and gazed off in silence at a distant mountain peak.

"We have given you a fair trial and plenty of time in which to get out of here, so we have decided that you wish to remain," spoke up Jack Williams, the gambler, coming forward with a noosed rope. "If you have anything to say you had better hurry up."

"I have not been in your town long," replied the stranger as he stood up, "and I have come for a good purpose. You are two hundred to one; and besides you are well armed. You think to do a brave thing this morning by riddling me with bullets, but if you will follow me, I think you will be better satisfied with your work. The Indians have again broken out and are coming this way. How many men will help me drive them back?"

A murmur of disgust greeted this speech. The crowd smiled scornfully at the stranger's eagerness to lead a band of superior men, but no one replied, so the speaker resumed:

"Perhaps you need some further proof. Let me tell you a story. About twenty miles out from here an immigrant's family is camped in a wagon. The husband is ill, and the wife and children are without defence. I trudged along to Delville last night knowing it was the nearest point at which I might be able to obtain assistance, and endeavor to drive back the fiendish

redmen from that wagon. How many will come with me?"

There was a long silence. The Indians had raided several neighboring ranches before, and Delville did not relish a repetition of their savage cruelty.

"Will fifteen men follow me?" No response came from the crowd.

"Will five men volunteer?" Still no response.

"I can see that there is not a single man in Delville with courage enough to go with me to the defenceless immigrant's outfit," he cried scornfully.

Williams dropped the noose and stepped forward. It was more than this man of the plains could bear.

"If no one volunteers I'll follow you?" was all he said. But no one else volunteered, and the crowd slowly began to dwindle away.

The stranger immediately supplied himself with a Winchester and several rounds of ammunition; but he had to make the greater part of his journey alone, for they were not far from town when Williams deserted his companion and returned to the village.

Three days later the soldiers brought the immigrant's family to Delville, and in an ambulance lay the dead body of the "Tenderfoot."

"You want to know how it was?" declared the immigrant's wife with tears in her eyes as a crowd began to gather. "All I can say is that he reached us only a short time before the Indians. For two days he stood off, single handed, forty warriors, and was wounded many times. The soldiers arrived in time to save us, but our noble defender lost his life with the firing of his last bullet."

"Delville shall give him a burial and turn out to the last man," was the general verdict of the crowd as expressed by Williams.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," observed the captain in command of the company, "he shall be given a soldier's burial, for he performed the bravest of soldierly deeds."

And even to this day Delville's citizens talk reverently of the heroic "Tenderfoot," and lift their hats as they pass his simple grave on the hillside,—and forget for the day to shoot off the hat of some unoffending stranger.

Inspiration.

E. P. B.

Who are my poets? Baby eyes
 Filled with innocence of the skies;
 Willing hands that bear relief
 To the souls unstrung by grief;
 Noble hearts, courageous, strong,
 Battling first-rank with the wrong.
 These my poets, pointing me
 Where the lasting mansions be.

The Works of Father Sorin.

VARNUM A. PARRISH, '07.

As the Indian who roamed about and hunted in the beautiful valley of the St. Joe, passed over the little tract of land known as "St. Mary's of the Lakes" little did he imagine that this small portion of the western prairie, so richly laden with the beauties of nature, whose little lakes ever poured their pure, clear waters into the great basin of the St. Lawrence, was one day destined to be the seat of a grand university, an institution that would constantly send forth into the great river of humanity its flow of Christianly-educated men.

Nearly sixty-five years ago here in the wilderness of Northern Indiana, where the flowers of the prairie and the foliage of the forest was moved only by the passing of the breezes and the wandering of wild animals; where the serenity and silence was broken only by the song of birds, the howling of wolves and the war cry of the Indian; here in this place to which nature had been most partial in bestowing upon it her choicest gifts and setting in its bosom two jewel-like lakes; here it was that Father Sorin, a young priest with four Brothers and two novices, laid the foundation of what was to be one of the leading educational institutions in the land. Here, during the bleak winds of November, they built a log-house, which was the beginning and the first building of the University of Notre Dame.

Only a man of self-sacrificing qualities and untiring efforts would have succeeded in such an undertaking. Father Sorin's plans were great, so much so that to the mind of the ordinary man they would seem but dreams incapable of realization. But this man was equal to his plans. There was but one thing in his make-up as great as his designs, and that was his ability to carry them out. His work here in this wild country was earnest and zealous. He was not incited to noble deeds by ambition or desire of glory, but simply by love for his fellowmen and his wish to perform his duty. And from the life he had chosen to lead we see that he considered his duty to be in the uplifting and betterment of mankind. Thus here in this wilderness he labored day after day to accomplish this end. He met his many difficulties and inconveniences bravely; and he overcame them all with the power of his genius and determination.

The institution nourished by his good works and those of his helpers and benefactors soon grew too large for its cradle of logs, and a brick building was put up in its stead. The school continued to grow, and it soon became necessary to build a still larger structure. That the work of this institution was appreciated was shown by the fact that two wings had to be added to this new building in order to accommodate its students.

Thus in thirty years this school grew from a log cabin to a large number of well-built brick structures. Such a growth could only be the outcome of so well-established an institution, and one that had for its founder a man working in its behalf with all his might, and a man that had given it his whole care and sacrificed for it his whole life.

Father Sorin gave every moment, you might say, after 1843, in working for the betterment and upbuilding of Notre Dame. He spent much of his time in Europe; but he never returned without having done some good for his school, or without having enriched it with some treasure. His every move was directed toward its betterment. He had suffered the privations and discomforts of a wild, unsettled country. He had mastered his situation and adapted

himself to his surroundings. He had labored and toiled under all manner of hardships; and yet with all these adverse conditions he was successful.

Then when an old man, in 1879, he was starting on one of his trips to Europe, he was informed that nearly all of Notre Dame had been burned to the ground. Ah! then it was that he showed himself to be a great and God-inspired man, for none other could have done as Father Sorin. This old man of sixty-six, who had given the best forty years of his life in suffering privations and toiling in the upbuilding of this great institution, upon hearing of this disaster did not return disheartened to look upon the ashes of those forty long years of labor, but undismayed and undiscouraged to begin again and to place on the shores of those little lakes another mansion of learning.

This growth from the rude two-story log house, which served as school, chapel and dormitory, to the present collection of expansive and stately edifices which grace the beautiful grounds of Notre Dame, was but the grand realization of the dreams and earnest labors of its founder and first President, Very Reverend Father Sorin.

When at the age of eighty this old man went to his reward he needed no pillar of lifeless marble to perpetuate his memory, for he had built his own monument; and a greater and grander one can no man leave after him than this living institution dedicated to the cause of Christian education.

To-day we have a university replete with every appliance for the successful and comprehensive study of modern art and science. With such a past history and the present faculty, which is thoroughly imbued with the progressive spirit of the institution and of its venerable and honored founder, its future can seem only to be fraught with promises of becoming the greatest of its kind.

The Perils of Spring.

NIC Weeley declared there was danger
In the Springtime to walk out to Granger,
For the bullrushes out
And the cowslips about
While the little sprigs shoot at the stranger.

P. J. H.

Her Pocketbook.

ROBERT L. BRACKEN, '07.

The man was just a common ordinary man. He was big, not dark, as they always are in stories, but light; and no one would ever picture him doing anything other than living—just living, and dying of old age like the ordinary man. He would never be killed or have anything unusual happen to him; he would live because he happened to be, and die because he could not help it. Not so the girl; she was tall and dark and had something about her which made her different. Perhaps it was her eyes, for they were brown but seemed to see and say so many different things.

They had just finished dinner, and as they arose the girl let fall her pocketbook. The ordinary man did what they all do: picked it up and held it toward her; but as he did so the train gave one of the jerks you experience no place so well as in a dining car. The girl very nearly lost her balance, and was kept busy taking care of a hat, a pair of gloves, a long skirt and the usual handkerchief, so that she did not notice the extended hand, and the man put the purse in his pocket.

When the train reached Forrestan the man arose, put on his overcoat and stood talking to the girl until he heard the warning whistle; then catching up his suit case, bolted for the door, left the train, and incidentally the girl. Arriving at Forrestan in the middle of the winter is anything but pleasant. It is rather unpleasant in the middle of the summer, but when Leavitt Griffin jumped off the 12:47 and walked hastily down the platform the snow was falling fast and thoughtlessly on everything and everybody. The wind howled, and blew the fast-falling flakes in all directions; and not even the thought "Some one else is out in it" could comfort him. As he turned toward the city he muttered to himself:

"Lovely day this, and so cheerful; makes one so glad he is alive; and to think I had ought to get off here, and leave Jane on that train. Why couldn't I have gone on further, or why has she not an aunt living

here, instead of a million miles from nowhere? Well, we had a good time when we were home, and I suppose we will be there again sometime. I hope she is enjoying this as well as I am. If I thought she were it would help a little."

Of course he went direct to "Louie" Nickels. Everyone does that. No matter where is going you must go there first. All starts are made from "Louie's," and whether it be to a dance or a funeral you gain initiative at "Louie's." Griffin walked slowly into the room with all the outward appearances of a man who had heard at the last minute that his only friend was dead, and had bequeathed him an imposing heritage of debts.

"Hello, Grif, lovely day. What are you looking so cheerful and happy about? Just come in? Well, sit down and have something to eat. Glad to see some one else is here besides myself."

"Howdy, Mac, glad to see you again. Have a good time? Good. Glad to hear it. No, I had my dinner. I'll have a smoke and wait for you." With these remarks, Griffin wandered through the rooms and looked over the familiar place. He did not "damn" things in general, though candidly, he could see but very little good in this world. It was here, no doubt, but seemed to be, flying away in a train. Somehow everything was wrong. He did not know what it was, but something was that ought not to be. Coming back to where McNamara sat at the table he said:

"Mac, I am going over to Spears' and write a letter. I will be back soon, so wait for me. We will go over and see 'Old Port' and try his tables before we take the car out to the University."

Manning quietly finished his dinner, paid for it, and sat down to smoke and wait for Griffin. He ought to be waiting yet, as Griffin never returned.

In the meanwhile Griffin had walked into Spears' office, seated himself at a table and started to write. In search of a match he put his hand in his pocket and found—her pocketbook. At first he thought it a good joke: she would have to go without her supper, and walk through all the snow from the depot, as she had no money to hire a hack. He opened the purse and the joke

ended. It contained not only her money, checks, keys, etc., but her ticket. Like a wild man he started for the I. C. RR. office. He plowed through snow two feet deep, and after half an hour's struggling arrived there only to find the place closed and locked. He started back for the down-town office. Puffing like a horse he came in the door and rushed straight at the agent who was waiting on an old lady.

"Here," yelled Griffin; here, wait on me. Important. Have a pocketbook. Isn't mine. Train's gone."

"Never mind," interrupted the agent. "Go tell the police your troubles. Do you think this is the City Hall or county jail? If you have anything to say to me wait until it is your turn. Stand aside, please," he cautioned, as Griffin stepped in front of the old lady.

"Now, madam," continued the agent, "you want to know if you can have your berth made in the day time? Certainly. You can sleep forever if you wish. And your boxes, etc.? Certainly. Have them in the seat with you. No, you will not have to buy any more tickets. This one will take you straight to Frisco. Yes, it is a long ride, but we have the best of everything on our trains and you will enjoy it, I am sure. Sixty-five dollars and thirty cents, thank you. Hope you enjoy the trip."

"Now, my man, what is your trouble?" and he turned to Griffin. "What is wrong with you?"

"Wrong with me? Well, I'll tell you," that worthy muttered breathlessly.

"This afternoon I came down here on the 12:47 train; on the train was a young lady friend of mine; when we reached this city of yours I got off the train and carried the lady's pocketbook with me. How is she going to get to Cedar Falls, for I have her ticket? She is good through to Freeport, but there she must change cars. She does not know a soul in the place and I have all her money. Now what can I do?"

The agent looked him over carefully and deciding that perhaps he was at least honest, even if he were crazy, asked:

"You say you came in on 47 and the girl is still on the train?"

"Lord! I hope she is still on the train!"

"You want to fix it, so that she can get

to Cedar Falls? Well now let me see: 47 gets in Moosung at 2:50; it's two now. I'll tell you. Send a telegram to conductor on train and I will catch him when they pass Moosung. Write out her name, a full description of her—here"—and he handed Griffin a message book.

"Tall, fair and good looking. Brown suit, brown hat, veil and brown waist. Young. Seated in middle of car, first one behind dining-car. Has coupon for Freeport. Brown eyes and light hair. Black shoes, I believe. Black gloves and pretty teeth. Tell her to go to agent in Freeport and he will give her a ticket. Wire me if you find her." The agent smiled as he read the message and muttered.

"Poor fool, he has got it bad."

Nevertheless he sent the message.

"Two dollars and fifty cents, if you please."

Griffin paid.

"Now then come over here. Deposit twenty dollars here with me, sign this receipt," and he handed him a receipt book. Griffin did both.

"Now I will wire agent in Freeport the same message as above, only change the last part, and tell him to give ticket and balance in money to young lady of that description.

"Two, thirty-five, please. Come back in two hours, and you should have an answer."

Griffin looked at his watch. "Twenty minutes after two," he whispered. I should have an answer by four twenty."

He put in the time from twenty after two until four walking up and down the street, and at exactly four o'clock was waiting in the Western Union office for his answer. Four-thirty and five came, and still no answer.

"Come back at six," the agent told him. At six he went again to the office and found it had been closed until after supper.

The most terrible thoughts passed through his mind: suppose she had been put off the train; suppose she was this very minute standing in some depot waiting for help of some kind to come. She would never forgive him. He decided to go back after supper, and if there was no answer for him he would send a message to the conductor. Maybe he could be found and he would know all about

her. At seven o'clock the office opened and "Nothing for you," rewarded his queries.

Telegram number three to conductor of train 47 read:

"What became of girl?" and it cost him twenty-five cents.

Eight o'clock, not a word; nine o'clock not a sound. Ten o'clock he sent the following to Cedar Falls to her aunt:

"Jane in Freeport broke. Can not find trace of her. Wire me if you can find her."

"Sixty-five cents, and you should hear by eleven o'clock at the latest," was the operator's cheerful assurance.

Once more he took up his march. Eleven o'clock found him back at the office.

"Your message has been received in Cedar Falls, but no one was home so the message was returned. Return charge, sixty cents," was another crumb of comfort.

Twelve o'clock, and he had not received any word. One, two, three, four—all were alike. No one answered and he was slowly but surely losing his mind. Once more he would wire Cedar Falls. A full account of the happening and all his fears was sent to the aunt, and he begged her to answer him at once. Three dollars and seventy cents more was thereby added to the life-saving fund.

It was now daylight; the town was just stirring to life, and in the dim light of the morning men were hurrying to work. The passing crowd noticed a young man with woe-begone countenance standing in front of the telegraph office, and one and all shrank from the wild and agonized look in his weary eyes.

At nine o'clock Griffin despairingly sent one more message. If he did not receive an answer he would murder the first man he met. The telegrams crossed. In twenty minutes he read:

"Arrived safe last night. Got ticket in Freeport. Good joke on me."

"Yes," he muttered with obvious irony, "good joke on her?"

The Captive.

To thy companions swiftly fly,
Free-born, imprisoned bird;
My heart is grieved to see thee die
With all thy store of song unheard.—W. O'D.

Country Life.

E. P. B.

I LOVE the simple, homely cot
Upon the freshened lawn,
The garden blossoms heavy-lade
With drippings of the dawn.

I love the morning-glory vines
Above the window there
That tap their leaves upon the pane
With every gust of air.

I love the happy farmer's voice
A-singing in the field;
The healthy, freshening perfume
The new-ploughed furrows yield.

I love the country and the fields,
The faces rude and brown;
The absence of the whining crowds
That bustle through the town.

"The Mystery of a Note."

ROBERT A. KASPER, '07.

The Spanish-American war was now on in full blast, and scores of men were answering the call for volunteers. Among these was James Brooks, who enlisted in the Sixty-Third New York. Jim was a good fellow, as the saying goes, when one is jovial, generous and kind. And moreover, Jim was in love with a sweet, blue-eyed girl of Upper New York; and as the days "rolled" by and the eve of his departure for the frontier came, he wondered how he could leave her—perhaps never to return. Bert Good was his rival for her hand, and to leave Bert full sway seemed to be folly. He had not thought of that before, and now it was too late to change his mind, for he had enlisted, and was determined to leave with his company at six-thirty o'clock. It was now four p.m. He walked toward her home, and soon found himself at the doorstep. Mr. James answered his ring. Miss Blanche was not at home, he said; but had left a note, which he handed to Jim, who tore it open and read its contents.

His face became pale, he staggered, and would have fallen but for the timely assistance of Mr. James.

"What is wrong?" asked the girl's father.

"My God! read," he said, as he thrust the note into the other's hand. Mr. James read, became ghastly pale, and ordered him to quit the house. Jim had but a half hour to spare, so he put the note into his pocket and went to the depot.

Most of the company had already arrived. Everyone remarked Jim's haggard look and pale face; but he simply said he was not feeling very well. One could not help noticing that something else was bothering him. Jim paid no heed to them, at least he pretended not to, but a great struggle was going on within him. He felt his knees grow weak and give way, and everything swam before his eyes. He fell in a dead faint. Some one hastily unbuttoned his coat so as to give him more freedom in breathing, and as he did so a bit of paper fell from the pocket. When Jim recovered consciousness he found himself under arrest, and despite his protests and offers of explanation was hurried off to jail.

The next day he was brought to court, accused of being a spy and traitor. The note was produced, and Jim resolved that sooner than bring Miss James into it he himself would suffer all the punishment. The note was read at the trial and ran thus:

"I will betray my country though she
Love me ever so dearly.
But be lenient with me, as some day
You may know why I have done it all."

Signed

James.

When asked to explain Jim replied that he had nothing to say. The judge was giving the sentence when some one in the back of the court-room arose and spoke. All eyes were at once turned in the direction from which the voice came, and Jim recognized Miss James.

"Your honor," she said, "I wrote that note myself. Kindly read the first word of each line."

Rumor has it that Brooks married his deliverer; but at any rate he is at present living in a little flat in Upper New York, and his wife answers to the name of Blanche.

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The outcome of the mayoralty race in Chicago, the election of Judge Edward F. Dunne, is not alone a municipal victory, it is also a national victory. The whole issue, in fact, the only vital issue, of the campaign, was a national and economic one; for the doctrine of public ownership is thoroughly national in its application. Both candidates, it is true, advocated municipal ownership, and declared themselves opposed to the permanent retention of public utilities by private corporations; the only point of difference was that Dunne wanted municipal ownership right away; and Harlan wanted it too, but he was in no immediate hurry. Dunne was openly for instant action; Harlan questioned the timeliness and the expediency of the step. The public have answered the question and elected the man of their choice.

The present campaign was marked by more concentrated bitterness and rabid attacks on personal character than has been evident in any other in recent years. "Yellow-journalism" was rampant. Cartoon, editorial, and new sections played their conspicuous parts. Judge Dunne has always been an honest man, and there is every reason to believe that the same can truthfully be said of John Maynard Harlan;

yet these men were the targets for much "mud-flinging," though it must be confessed that the jurist was by far the most sinned against, since six of the seven large daily papers in the city were opposed to him. In ignoring the question of their honesty and efficiency in office the citizens of Chicago had made manifest their approval of the rival candidates; but the rancorous spirit of "yellow-journalism" must exhibit itself in cowardly innuendo and covert insinuation. Nevertheless, the honest man triumphed, and in that triumph the people of Chicago share, for they showed themselves above being influenced by the unfair methods employed by modern newspaperdom.

—Mr. William Butler Yeats, Ireland's poet and dramatist, has contributed to *The Metropolitan Magazine* for this month an interesting article in which he gives his impressions of America. He spent several months in the United States last year delivering lectures in many cities and institutions of learning, among which was the University of Notre Dame. The purpose of these lectures was to convey a better idea of the intellectual work which was going on in Ireland. But while accomplishing his principal object he endeavored to acquire a wide knowledge of the methods and manners of our people. The results of his efforts are embodied in his article which is a very favorable criticism and contains many flattering compliments to the American people. His visit led him to conclude that this is the best educated country he has ever known.

"An American," he says, "will boast to you of the seven generations of his fathers that had been to college, as an Englishman of relations in the peerage. He has even invented the words 'college-bred,' and one can see that education opens to a man or woman the doors that only birth or wealth would open here. Education is a national passion, and everywhere one finds some college having its own distinct life, differing from that of other colleges and getting its endowments out of its own countryside. And everywhere quite poor people pare and save to send their children to college, understanding that their country offers

all forms of wealth and power to the disciplined mind."

These are a few of the impressions that the Celtic poet received while fulfilling his mission. Nor did he fail to note the predominant trait of the Americans; for, he says, imprinted on his memory is a picture "of all that vivid life where everything is more intense than elsewhere—a thirst for money, for ideas, for power," beyond the understanding of his people. His very favorable impressions speak well for the country. But the criticism which we relish the most and which we especially desire to be deserving of is "the best educated people."

—It is not surprising to hear that a Yale professor, after an extended study of conditions in his own school, has reached the conclusion that student expenditures are on the rise, and that wealthy parents are altogether too lavish in monetary allowances to spendthrift sons. The old ideal of plain living and high thinking has shrunk to such small proportions as to totally fail when it comes to fitting the modern collegian. It is certainly far from reassuring to learn "that the men who take time to spend \$897 a year on pleasure and tobacco and intoxicants do not have time enough left for their regular work to rank high in their classes; and that while under pleasure the highest (wealthiest) class spends more than twice the proportion that the lowest does, on music and charity the order is reversed." Such a state of affairs ought not to exist, for it thwarts the fundamental object of college: to discipline and moralize the man, to teach him how to work and to strengthen his self-control. The saying that too much is worse than none at all is as true in college circles as in city squares. Tyrannic poverty has its compensations, for it develops latent abilities and teaches us self-reliance. Demoralizing luxury also teaches its lesson: the bitterness of regret, the taste of Dead Sea fruit. The moral to be drawn from the Yale figures is too obvious and valuable to be disregarded. It should teach the over-indulgent parent to pay more attention as to whether or not he himself through the medium of his son is getting full worth and value for his expenditures.

The Philopatric Play.

Among the treats given the student body during the year, with a view of breaking the monotony of school life, there are perhaps none more pleasant than the customary theatrical performances rendered by the Philopatric Society on Easter Monday. This year, however, because of the fact that Easter comes somewhat later in the scholastic year than usual, necessitating thereby a long-drawn-out rehearsal period, the play was given in Washington Hall on last Tuesday afternoon. It is to be regretted that this transfer of date was made necessary. Easter is an occasion on which numerous friends and relatives of students choose to visit the University. The annual production of the Philopatric play has served to enhance the pleasure of this day of good cheer.

If due consideration be given the fact that the Philopatric Society consists entirely of preparatory students, an idea of the difficulty to be overcome in presenting a suitable production may be reached. The age and appearance of the members of the society required a play in which only male characters figured in the cast. To meet this difficulty Mr. John Lane O'Connor wrote a romance in four acts entitled "Two Titled Truants." Mr. O'Connor, now engaged in professional theatrical work, was formerly professor of elocution and oratory in the University. The play "Hamnet Shakspere," produced last year by the Philopatrics, was also of his authorship. No comment need be made on the popularity of that production. But of this year's romance in sequel to Hamnet Shakspere even more favorable criticism is offered. Seldom if ever has a theatrical rendition held the attention of the audience more closely. In almost every detail the play is fascinatingly devoid of weak conversational periods.

Undoubtedly a greater part of the credit for the successful interpretation given is due Prof. Frederic Karr. Although deeply engrossed in teaching regular classes of elocution and oratory in the University, the professor has sacrificed much of his time in drilling the youthful aspirants for histrionic fame. A student theatrical performance

is only brought about after many tedious rehearsals. On many occasions the inability of certain students in the cast to be present adds to difficulty. In spite of all obstacles Professor Karr demonstrated his ability to train most capably the student in dramatic art.

The "Two Titled Truants" is a romance of Shaksperian times. Hugh Holt, steward to Lord Bertram, and Clinker, fool in the house of Lord Bertram, plot to ruin their master in revenge for certain fancied wrongs. The two title *rôles*, Norbert and Herbert Bertram,—truant lads—were faithfully depicted by Thomas P. Butler and R. R. Shenk. The plot was not built entirely around these characters, yet they may still be called leading parts.

E. L. Symonds as Lord Bertram, and E. C. Clear as John Bertram, had the more difficult task of representing more elderly characters. The parts mentioned above—Hugh Holt and Clinker—were interpreted in a most clever manner by R. J. Eberhart and C. R. Minotti. It has been truthfully said that it takes the wise man to play right the part of a fool. H. W. Hilton undoubtedly made the hit of the day in the humorous rendition of a clumsy steward. Mention must also be made of the way in which L. A. Williams presented Edward Bertram. The remainder of the company was well



MR. JOHN LANE O'CONNOR.

balanced. Especially are the younger members of the cast to be commended on the manner in which the difficult May-pole dance was executed.

The charge of a failure to put the proper spirit and feeling into the *rôles* has been a frequent one against student theatricals. No such charge can possibly be made against the Philopatrians. In fact a criticism diametrically opposite might be offered. The third act depicted a Newgate prison scene. So strong and realistic was the representa-



tion that the final act was somewhat affected—the players seemed to have in a way failed to recover from the gloominess and awe of the prison scene. But the play taken as a whole was indeed most successful.

Year after year have the Philopatrians, under the guidance of Bro. Cyprian, given us their contribution to our enjoyment. If last Tuesday's play is to be used as a criterion, it is to be hoped that the Philopatrians may always strive in future to produce their annual play.

Following is the cast of characters and the musical numbers for the afternoon.

TWO TITLED TRUANTS

A romantic play in four acts, written for the Philopatrians by Mr. John Lane O'Connor, and produced under the direction of Prof. F. Karr.

Cast of Characters.

| | | |
|--|-------|-------------------------------------|
| Notbert Bertram | | T. P. Butler |
| Herbert Bertram, his cousin | | R. R. Shenk |
| Edward, Norbert's exiled brother under the name of Ned Burton | | L. A. Williams |
| Lord Bertram, father of Norbert and Edward | | E. L. Symonds |
| John Bertram, his brother, father of Herbert—E. C. Clear | | |
| Clinker, Lord Bertram's fool | | C. R. Minotti |
| Hugh Holt, Lord Bertram's steward | | R. J. Eberhart |
| Sam Dibbs, steward at Bertram Hall | | H. W. Hilton |
| William Shakspere | | W. J. Heyl |
| Dick Cowley | | C. B. O'Connor |
| William Kemp | | Players in Shakspere's Co.—A. Drumm |
| Harry Condell | | W. S. Stout |
| Peters Dohbins, Landlord of Gray's Inn—R. Harrington | | |
| Turnkey at Newgate Prison | | H. W. McAleenan |
| Guard at Newgate Prison | | G. E. Washburn |
| Steve | | E. J. Cullinan |
| Covey | | C. A. Sorg |
| Harry | | M. P. O'Connor |
| Godfrey | | S. H. Herr |
| Edgar | | C. J. McFarland |
| Alfred | | Companions of Norbert and Herbert |
| Arthur | | J. L. Weist |
| Elwin | | H. R. Symonds |
| Bat | | W. P. Powell |
| Wat | | G. C. Tillett |
| Tom | | H. O. Dierssen |
| Ted | | C. H. Kelley |
| Bob | | Citizens of London |
| Tim | | E. L. McDermott |
| | | F. H. Peterman |
| | | J. M. Fox |

MUSICAL PROGRAM

| | | |
|--|-------|--------------|
| Selection—"Journey through Africa" | | Fr. Suppe |
| "Flower Song" | | G. Lange |
| Selection from "A. G. Robin's Comic Opera" | | M. Tobani |
| Selection from "The Passing Show" | | L. Englander |
| Hungarian Dances No. I. and II." | | John Brahms |

Book Review.

JUVENILE ROUND TABLE. Second Series.
Benziger Brothers.

It took a long time to convince our authors that the only successful method of removing the evil influence of juvenile novel reading is the production of interesting books without the evil. The work has been well begun, however, and it is with pleasure that we note its steady advance. The second series of juvenile Round Table will probably occupy many a boy's and girl's reading time, and the variety of its short stories should not fail to stir up in the feelings of everyone of them some unconscious impulses towards improvement in one line or other. The heroes and heroines are everyday boys and girls with whom the youthful readers can readily find a common interest. They are all human, with just enough improvement over the ordinary run to make imitation possible and likely.

Athletic Notes.

Captain Draper has the track men outdoors, and from now on they will be worked hard to get them in shape for the meet with Michigan "Aggies" on May 6. The team has had a lay-off for a week, and since the Wabash meet they have been idle. About ten men reported Monday afternoon for the outdoor training, and hard work will now be the daily routine until May 27 when the Indiana State Championship meet is held in Bloomington.

Scales will be tried for the hurdles both high and low, and also for the two-twenty-yard dash. Scales showed good form in the hurdles in the Wabash meet, and under Draper's coaching should make a good man in them.

O'Connell will be worked in the 220 and 440, and as he has shown a lot of speed indoors he should prove a good man. Keefe will run the quarter and the half. In the Wabash meet "Jim" ran the quarter in 55, and should cut off at least two seconds outside. He was defeated in the half mile, but can easily do 2:07, and will in a month's time be running in 2:05 easily. O'Shea will also

run the quarter and the half. In the half O'Shea gives promise of being one of the best half-milers in the country. Against Wabash he ran third; and considering it was his first start he did exceptionally well. He will without doubt prove a good teammate for Keefe, and they should capture points for us in the coming meets.

Paupa will run the mile and Powers will take care of the two mile. This is the first year for these men, but both give promise of developing into good distance runners.

If Evans' leg will permit, he will likely try the high hurdles and broad jump. As yet it is unknown whether he can do any more work this year. His leg is giving him considerable trouble and he may have to give up athletics altogether.

Guthrie and Bracken will be relied upon to capture a few points in the jumps and the latter will be worked hard in the pole vault. These men, coupled with Draper, should make a team which at least will make a showing in the State meet, and should win from the "Aggies" when they go to Lansing on May 6.

**

The last cut before the team is picked was made Thursday. Fourteen men beside Captain O'Connor remain on the squad; these men will be kept another week and then the team will be picked prior to the South Bend series. Burns, Cook, McCarthy, McNerny, Monahan, O'Gorman, O'Neill, Perce, Shea, Sheehan, Stopper, Tobin, Waldorf and Welch are the men who are still out and from these players the team will be picked.

All of the pitchers will be kept until after the South Bend games. They will all be given a chance to prove their worth, and will have an equal showing in the practice games. The three best will be chosen, and one, perhaps two, of the running pitchers may be used in the outfield. The infield, although not settled, is practically decided, the one exception being first base. O'Connor is still undecided whether he will play first or third; once he can settle that the infield will be easy to pick. Stopper is showing up well at present, and it depends upon him whether O'Connor plays third or first. The outfield presents the problem at present. A few weeks ago the garden positions seemed

to be settled and the infield the only hard proposition; now the exact reverse seems to be the case. Welch, Monahan, O'Neill, Perce, Waldorf and Tobin have been playing field positions, and the outfield will probably be chosen from these six men. As it stands two men are out for each position and good hard work will be done in the coming week, and the three who are picked will be the best men, so a good outfield seems assured.

The much-talked of team-work will be in evidence in the coming practice series. The games that have been played daily for the last two weeks are finished, and from now on fielding and batting practice will be regularly indulged in. This year we are going to have a team that can run bases. Every opportunity will be taken, and more bases will be stolen by Notre Dame this year than at any time in the history of baseball in our school. We have a bunch of fast men this year, and O'Connor will drill into them the art of base running and of taking advantage of every chance offered. The team will be "green," but after the South Bend games they will have passed through the "stage-fright" period, and when the college season opens they will be ready to go in and do their best.

The men will take their hardest work of the season this coming week, and when Captain O'Connor picks the team we may be sure that only the best players will be on it; no one will be favored, and the real ball players will be the men who will wear the Notre Dame uniforms in the baseball season of 1905.

The season tickets are now out, so get them and be ready for the first game.

**

The South Bend Greens arrived here Thursday night, eighteen strong and ten more reported on Friday. Manager Grant started training Friday, and the men will be worked into shape for the Notre Dame series, which begins on April 12. The men will remain until the 26th of April and be given a good opportunity to get in shape for the league series which opens soon after they leave here.

Some of South Bend's old stars have left them, and have gone in higher and faster company. Coffee and Cogswell, the star outfielders, have gone to Louisville, and their

places will have to be filled by new men.

Although the team will be made up of many new men, Manager Grant will without a doubt have a good strong organization and should finish near the top in the Central League this year. Last year South Bend wound up in third place, and this season, to say the very least, they expect to do as well, though everything points to their doing better. As has been said, many new men will be in the personnel of the team but under Grant these should develop into first-class ball players as his reputation for developing green men is well known.

The men who are here and trying for the team are: Pitchers, Williams, Shaefer, Ferris, Christian, and Hutzel; catchers, Tieman and Searles; first base, Connors, and Sumertol; second base, Grant; short-stop, Milligan, Rousseau, Harris; third-base, Sager; out-fielders, Foy, Anderson, Bachbaum, Letcher, McKee, and Pelter.

These men will be given a chance to make the team, and by the time the games start, South Bend will in all likelihood have another first-class team.

Athletic Gossip.

"Billy" Opfergelt has made first pitcher at the University of Illinois.

Purdue has lost two and won two games from Anderson this week. Judging from that, Purdue must have a good ball team this year, and will make us play first class baseball to beat them.

The C. A. A. has challenged the N. Y. A. C. to a dual meet. New York won the championship of the world in St. Louis last summer with the C. A. A. second. A dual meet would be a most interesting contest, and especially so to us, as we now have one of our men on the C. A. A., Draper being perhaps their best all-around man.

Martin Sheridan of the Greater New York Irish Athletic Club who won the discuss throw in the Olympic games last summer, has been suspended from last August until the present. Rose of the C. A. A. who was second in the event, has been given first place and the two hundred dollar gold cup.

Personals.

—Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Quinlan of Chicago spent Monday with their friends at the University.

—Mrs. P. and Mrs. G. O'Brien and Miss Adele Mills of South Bend came out last Tuesday to see the play.

—Mr. J. W. Tucker, (student '99-'00), of Grand Rapids, Mich., visited his old friends at the University Thursday.

—Mr. L. C. Kelly, of Crawfordsville, Ind., and Mr. George E. Boker, of Michigan city, Ind., were the recent guests of Matthew Kenefick of Brownson Hall.

—Miss Miriam Proctor and Miss Lillian Spohn, of Elkhart, and Miss Catherine Berry and Miss Louise Beale, of Goshen, Ind., were the guests of the University last Thursday.

—On Friday morning Professor James F. Edwards left on an extended tour through Europe. He will be gone until the first of September, and his numerous friends among the Faculty and student body wish him the most pleasant of times.

—A number of the members of the Wabash Glee Club, which gave an entertainment in South Bend last week, took advantage of the opportunity and visited Notre Dame. Among them were Messrs. Leonard de Boid, Terry Reed, Dallas Copper, H. A. Pelyohu, W. I. Beale and Charles S. Haukes.

—Among those who came from a distance to see the Philopatrian play were Mrs. A. A. Hilton of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kamm, of Mishawaka, Ind., Mrs. C. and Miss Margaret Drumm, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. A. J. Shenk, of Delphos, Ohio; Mr. J. C. O'Connor, of Delphi, Ind., and Mrs. Duggan, of Niles, Michigan.

—The readers of the SCHOLASTIC will be pleased to learn of the further advancement of Mr. Eugenio Reyneri (B. S. in A. E. '04). Mr. Reyneri, after successfully passing the government examination at the University of Harvard has been appointed sanitary engineer of the city of Cardenas, Cuba, a position hitherto never entrusted to so young a man. In this particular, the appointment is most flattering to Mr. Reyneri and most gratifying to his friends.

—Visitors' Registry:—J. M. Greene, Wapello, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. W. N. and Miss Estelle Clear, Mt. Pulaski, Ill.; Miss Sarah Gleeson, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Deland, Butler, Pa.; Stafford and Reginald Smith, Mrs. C. P. Smith; Mr. W. R. Stafford, Niles, Mich.; Geoffrey Allison, Bingham, Covington, Ky.; George Finnerty, New York City; Misses E. and A. Strauss, Mr. Andrew Gering, Mr. F. W. Stephens, Miss Helen Smith, Chicago; Joseph Delando, John M. Lauza, Baltimore, Md.; W. D. Funkhouser, Indianapolis, Ind.; L. G. Goetz, Hartford City, Ind.; Miss Agnes A. Rubert, C. M. Loutz, Miss J. Maude Turner, South Bend, Ind.; A. D. Andrews, Ashland, Wis.; Leroy E. Meyers, South Bend, Ind.; Mr. Andrew Murray, Alton, Ill.; Mr. H. A. Strauss, Chicago; Mr. Sebastian Wise, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. E. J. and Miss M. E. Burke, Chicago.

—Mr. A. J. Hammond, City Engineer of South Bend, has been unusually busy during the past two or three years. He has made many improvements, not only in the line of street and sewer constructions, but has also designed and built several bridges in and near the city. South Bend has every reason to feel a just pride in the splendid condition of its streets and growing improvements, which features, in any city, contribute greatly to its development and prosperity. Engineer Hammond completed a short time ago a concrete arch bridge of three wide spans across the river near Mishawaka, which structure is a model of engineering design. The Civil Engineering Department of the University gratefully acknowledges the receipt of a fine photograph of this structure, and desires to thank Engineer Hammond for his kind remembrance. The picture of this bridge will have a place among the collection now being made.

—The brilliant record as a debater that Mr. Byron V. Kanaley (A. B. '04) established at Notre Dame has gone beyond the bounds of Indiana, and has recently been sustained at Harvard. Mr. Kanaley was a member of the recent Harvard Team which debated Princeton on the question: "Resolved, That the free elective course is the best available plan for an under-graduate course of study." Although it seems paradoxical to connect the name of Byron Kanaley with a losing debating team, nevertheless, we are forced to confess that in this instance Harvard was unsuccessful. But from our personal knowledge and the comment of the Princeton and Boston papers we are confident that "Kan" did his best, and the shame of defeat does not apply to him. Speaking of the debate the *Boston Republic* says: "Mr. Kanaley spoke with great fluency and wit; his performance was truly brilliant. Harvard's good showing in the debate was mainly due to his powers of arguing."

Local Items.

—At one o'clock last Tuesday the sophomore engineering class inaugurated the spring season by starting on a surveying tour. Every Thursday from now on these trips will be regular features in the practical program of the surveying classes.

—The boat crews have been taking advantage of the fine weather for daily practice spins on the lake. Every afternoon at three o'clock the men may be seen pulling lustily at their oars. Judging from the spirit with which the men are entering into the work, the races on June 14 ought to prove fast and exciting.

—The baseball season in the Big Four League is now in full swing. Some of our readers, however, seem to have confused the Big Four with similar organizations. Let it be understood that the Big Four is not connected with the Apple River Valley League or kindred organizations. Scandal has it that Pertoot Healey's Colts are anxious to break into the association. In face of the evidence produced, supporting the rumor, P. a. Become, manager of the Colts, declares that the team will play nothing other than independent ball this season.

As will be remembered by all enthusiasts who followed the game last year, the attendance was large—Streckfust and the stranger. This year the attendance seems even better. Peculiar as it may seem the same stranger appears at all contests. Many are the theories advanced as to whom he may be. Colonel Oberst has been keeping under cover in fear that he may be a revenue officer hunting up a "moon-shine still." John Bun declares vociferously that he is an agent for Dr. Pecakie's Heart Fluctuator. Pertoot declares he is a manager of one of the major league teams looking up promising material for—a good boy to hold bats. If this be true he may select Pertoot, as the captain of the Colts is highly recommended in that capacity by the Rochelle Pink Stockings. But most probable of all is the quaint theory advanced by "Shorty" Uhrich who has been seen on several occasions in confidential conversation with the stranger. This stranger, according to "Shorty," is an-owner of a gold mine in the South Samoa Island and in substantiating his theory "Shorty" offers to show several bricks of solid gold which he has purchased at a much reduced price. At present Quig O. D. is hot on the trail of the prowler.

The Rudy Jays, managed by Smeush and Benny seem to be on about even terms with young Eckersall's Truck-Wagons. With the High Balls a close third, the race seems to be extremely close. The Water Wagons seem to have a fighting chance for last place.

The principal games of the week were those between the independent teams—the Colts and the Rag Tails; and the Pennant Chasers, the High Balls and the Water Wagons. The losers were the Rag Tails and the Water Wagons, which fact may be accounted for to some extent by the knowledge that the same pitcher was used in both games.

Pertoot unearthed a twirler who answers to the name of Louis Salamoniac. Some claim he is a ringer. At any rate, he always has the goods on his person when called on to deliver them. Quig O. D. expects to report his theory in regard to the prowler some time during the coming week.



